MISCELLANY.

A Baby Rhyme.

So new the kiss, so new the bliss
Of baby fingers tender—
A weight so warm upon the arm,
A sleepy, breathing splendor;
O, baby bird, sleep in thy nest,
Dear, warm wee bird, sleep in thy nest.

Two hands clasped fast, two lids downcast,
(Eyes—brown or blue, which, mother)—
A heart as white as flowers at night,
Moon-kissed that kiss each other;
Like birds at rest, so thou in nest
Sleep, baby-bird, sleep in thy nest.

So white the earth grew at thy birth,
(Thy tiny feet were whiter)—
So light the fall of snow o'er all,
(Thy warm home-nest was lighter;)
O, baby, rest, in folded nest,
And sleep, sweet bird, within such nest.

But, baby dear, it is so queer,
Sometimes this world is clouded
And grey, and grey, beneath the day,
It looks like friar shrouded.
But, little guest, sleep in thy nest,
Nor know the rest—sleep in thy nest.

And over thee, all warm, I see
Two tear-bright eyes bend softly;
And folded fast, upon thee cast,
Are kisses falling softly.
Then, bird at rest, within the nest,
Sleep well, sleep well—sleep in the nest.

O, tiny thing, without a wing,
O, bird with song yet hidden;
The guests with glee would welcome thee
To life's feast later bidden;
And while the West calls day to rest,
We say, dear bird, sleep in thy nest.

[Original.

ORKNEY.

OR THE

FORTUNES OF JULIET CLAYBURN.

—o—

Chapter IX—Mrs. Thurlow Lectures on Duty.

Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience—not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.
[*Byron.*

The soft shadows of a mild June day stole silently over the landscape, hushing the busy hum of the city, where walked the living and the sentient, and resting darkly and drearily over that lovely spot, which "the City by the Sea" has consecrated as a dwelling place for her cherished dead. In the dim, sad light, the pale tomb-stones looked ghastly, and the tall white monuments loomed up in the air, like grim spectral giants from the past.

Mr. Clayburn arose from beside the new-made grave of his wife, and, leaving the burial enclosure where reposed so many of his loved and lost—where his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, his wife and his children, lay quietly sleeping the last unbroken sleep, "low in the dust," slowly wended his way from Magnolia back toward the city. He ascended the broad steps of his town house, so desolate and melancholy in its deserted, majestic grandeur. His body-servant, Stephen, was standing at the door, waiting for his master.

"What are you doing here, Stephen? Why have you left Orkney?" There was surprise and anxiety both in the tone.

"Miss Juliet, sir," said the man, in a choking voice, "she's very ill, sir. The doctor says you must lose no time in coming back to Orkney—if you wish to see her alive."

"Great God in Heaven!" exclaimed the stricken man. "Am I a rock upon which is to be heaped the sorrows of the whole world? I cannot stand over the grave of my last. Kill me, at once, Stephen, and bury me."

"I would rather do it, master," said the faithful negro, "than to stand by and see you lose Miss Juliet."

The sick girl was raving wildly and calling for her father, when he entered the room. After he came, she would let no one else approach her—she would take her medicine for no one else—receive her nourishment from no other hand. He watched her day and night, scarcely ever leaving her side, and whenever she missed him she would cry and moan, like a sick child wailing for its dead mother. Sometimes, when the fever was highest, he had to hold her down forcibly in bed, for she was incessantly striving to get on her knees to him, imploring his forgiveness and begging him to believe she never meant to kill her mother. Singular to say, in her wild delirium she never mentioned Karl's name but once, and that was on one occasion when she mistook the doctor for him. With a gesture of horror she motioned him away, crying loudly:

"Leave me! Leave me, Karl. You have made me murder my mother. See the blood on my hand—my mother's blood."

This idea seemed to have taken entire possession of her mind. The burden of her prayer, no matter to whom addressed, whether her father or mother, or Rudolph, or her aunt, was always the same. She was always supplicating them in tones of anguish to forgive her and to wash the blood stains from her hand. After the fever left and life and death seemed to cease their strong struggle for mastery, she settled down into a state of impenetrable apathy, a thick, rayless gloom, more hopeless, more touching to the beholder, than her former madness and ravings. All energy, mental and physical, seemed to be paralyzed. She appeared to have lost all desire for life, all interest and pleasure in its pursuits. Sometimes, for days together, she would do nothing but sit at the window, looking out—noticing nothing, never opening her lips, save when her father addressed her. He was her constant companion, her tender nurse—carrying her about in his arms, almost as he had done when she was a little child; taking pleasure in bringing her a drink of cool water, in gathering flowers for her, in performing all those kindly offices which her feeble condition required. So the time dragged on, with little perceptible improvement. The beautiful summer had passed, with its tender grace, its soft sweet days, green leaves and odor-laden air, and the mournful autumn winds were blowing fitful dirges over the distant hills. Dr. Rigby came to pay his regular daily visit. He took Mr. Clayburn aside, shook his head ominously and said:

"I solemnly protest, this must not go on any longer. Something must be done, and done speedily, for your daughter, or there is no calculating the consequences—something which will excite life in the shattered frame, and feeling in the diseased mind. This morbid contemplation of one melancholy idea is enough to shake the strongest intellect. There must be some counter-excitement produced to disabuse her mind of the frightful idea of being responsible for her mother's death. She told me the other day she was just as much her mother's murderer as if she had shot her with a pistol, or pierced her with a dagger to her heart; and all my reasoning could not shake the belief. In vain I represented to her that Mrs. Clayburn could not possibly have lived much longer. She has been on the brink of the grave for years—you recollect I told you, ten years ago, it would surprise me if she lived six months."

"Yes, I remember," replied Mr. Clayburn, sadly; "and I have told Juliet so, repeatedly. Her aunt is coming to-morrow—for Mrs. Richard Thurlow is now convalescent sufficiently to admit of my sister's leaving her—and God help us, if she cannot suggest something. I am more my wife's murderer than Juliet," continued the wretched man; "for it was my unnatural and brutal harshness to the child which drove her from home, and my unrelenting cruelty which shortened her mother's days."

And thus the unhappy father and the unhappy child blamed each their own conduct, feeling the pangs of a fierce and bitter regret, rankling like a poisoned arrow in their hearts. The worthy doctor hummed, hawed, scratched his head, hesitated and finally found speech.

"Do not imagine, my old friend, that I wish to pry into your domestic affairs; I ask not from a spirit of idle curiosity or meddlesome inquisitiveness, but with the hope of doing good, was the misunderstanding between your daughter and yourself concerning Frank Clayburn?"

"It was," replied Mr. Clayburn, laconically.

"Why do you not send for him to return. If they are engaged, as I hear, and love each other, his presence would probably arouse her and be of infinite advantage."

"On the contrary," said Mr. Clayburn, "he has already done her great harm. I carried him in the room one day, thinking to disperse her gloom and excite her dormant faculties to a healthy action, but the result was, she became so fearfully agitated, I became frightened and hurried him from the apartment. The knowledge of his presence in the house was so painful to her, recalled so vividly the unhappy occurrences of the past, I requested him to leave for a time. I may as well tell you at once, doctor, that the engagement is broken off."

"Ah? Yes—I see. Well, we can do nothing then, in that quarter. Excuse my questioning. We must look to Mrs. Thurlow for help."

Mrs. Thurlow and Rudolph arrived the next day. They were inexpressibly shocked at Juliet's altered appearance. Rudolph wept unrestrainedly, when he saw her—he sat beside her sofa, looked at her piteously through his blinding tears, and would then throw his arms around her, in his old boyish, affectionate way, weeping afresh every moment. The rounded velvet cheek, whose roseate hue, Mr. Lyle had praised at Ashburn, was now pale and unclouded in its snowy whiteness, and the sun-shiny hair, with "its warm, yellow, waving loveliness," was all gone now. It lay a glossy heap below stairs, in her father's drawer.

"Uncle Karl wouldn't know her," sighed Rudolph, and his emotions at the unexpressed sigh, became so ungovernable, his grand-mother touched him on the shoulder and signified to him, with a commanding gesture, that he must leave the room. He returned after awhile, having regained composure, and promised to exercise rigid self-control. Rudolph was to try an experiment, too, having received manifold instructions from his grand-mother and Mr. Clayburn. Sitting beside the easy lounge, on which she was reclining, he said—

"I am disappointed, Juliet—I thought you would be glad to see me."

"Yes, I am glad, Rudolph," she replied, in the same tone of careless apathy, which was now habitual to her; "but you must not expect me to talk much. It makes my head ache."

"Julie!"

She flinched at the name, as she would from the touch of a sharp instrument, and raised her pallid hand, colorless as marble, in a pleading gesture, that he would forbear. But Rudolph, acting up to his instructions, would not be silent.

"Julie, do you not wish me to write for Uncle Karl to come?"

"You must not mention his name to me, Rudolph. I cannot bear it—indeed I cannot," and the slow tears began trickling down her face.

"If you would like to have him, darling," said poor Mr. Clayburn, "do not think it would be disagreeable to me. I would be glad for him to come, and I will love him for your sake, my child."

"No—no!" she cried, shuddering. "He has ceased to care for me—months and months ago. I want only you, father, and my dead mamma, whom I will have no more."

Mr. Clayburn kissed her and went in tears from the room. About an hour after, Rudolph quitted her side, thinking she had cried herself to sleep. But she called him back. A faint tint, like the expiring, hectic flush, which the sinking sun casts on wreathes of spray, flashed across "the snow of her pale and tender cheek."

"Where is he?" she asked, in a voice of unequaled pathos.

"In Paris, when Aunt Naunerl last wrote."

"Did he speak nothing of—of—of coming back?"

Rudolph tried to turn his face away, from the sad eyes, and to evade the question.

"Tell me the truth," she prayed, in a low wail—the sound of which fell mournfully on the heart, like the last wind sigh of the dying eve.

"He did not speak of returning to America," said Rudolph, hesitatingly; "Aunt Naunerl said, he spoke of joining them at Baden-Baden, sometime during the summer, as Mr. Lyle was there."

"Rudolph, I would never forgive you, or any one, who would write him a line on my account—who would mention me in any way to him. Since he is silent, I choose to be silent, also. I have written him letter after letter, and not a line in return. I am a woman and a loving woman, but I'm not destitute of womanly pride. I wish you to understand, I am not a mendicant, begging for his love."

This experiment did infinitely more mischief than good. In the afternoon, a low fever came on, which made her so wretchedly nervous and hysterical, Mr. Clayburn thought she would go off into a spasm every moment. He sent for the doctor to come over and pass the night.

On the next afternoon, however, Mrs. Thurlow was ingenious enough to devise a plan, which succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. Entering the room in a slow, wearied way, a profoundly mournful expression on her countenance, she sighed heavily, and took a seat at the sick girl's side. As usual, her couch was drawn up near the window, and Juliet, enveloped in deep thought, was looking out. She was watching the leaves fall to the ground, in the Autumn forest, glory-robed and gorgeous in color, each leaf a gem, each surging wind scattering rich jewels to the earth. For a long time, so deep was the sick girl's abstraction, she showed no knowledge whatever of her aunt's presence. Mrs. Thurlow continued to sigh heavily, to press her head, to wring her hands convulsively, and place them on her heart, giving every evidence of deep suffering and distress. These indications were finally successful in attracting Juliet's attention. Once, when Mrs. Thurlow uttered a heart-rending

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" her face lost some of its strong impenetrable gloom, and she said:

"What is the matter, dear aunt?"

"What is the matter?" reiterated Mrs. Thurlow. "Why, I am sick; yes, literally sick with distress about Brother Joseph—your poor father."

"My father!" exclaimed Juliet, raising herself up and turning her eyes full on Mrs. Thurlow—those sweet violet eyes, the drooping, silken lashes trembling with the secret weight of hushed woe! Once they were blue Eden-isles of beauty and joy! How changed! Now they looked like dark wells of despair, dug deep down in melancholy caverns of remorse.

"Is anything the matter with my father, aunt?"

"Alas! Juliet, that I should live to see you so wrapped up in your own selfish grief as to be oblivious of your father. Are you blind? Have you so soon forgotten the sacred words you uttered on your knees, to your dying mother? He is sinking every day—rapidly nearing the grave, where he will soon quietly rest beside his lost wife."

"Father of mercy!" cried Juliet, frantically springing upright. "Can nothing be done that my father may be spared to me?"

"There's a great deal can be done," answered Mrs. Thurlow; "of course there is; but you are the only one can do it. You should take great reproach to yourself, Juliet, for the way you have treated your father."

"Oh, aunt! aunt!" cried the poor girl, "I am weak yet; be merciful to me. No one could suffer more keenly, could feel more poignant remorse for past conduct, than myself. But for father's sake, I would rather die than live over again the last few months. I am willing to make all reparation in my power. I have told father I would write to Ka—Mr. von Oppenheim and break off my engagement—in fact, his own neglect leaves me no choice; for his conduct shows unmistakable proof that he desires a release, and is not—not—honorable and open enough to ask for one. I will then marry Frank, if, knowing all things, he is willing to make me his wife. He has acted kindly and nobly through it all, and I would do my best to make him a good wife."

"There is something incomprehensible in Karl's conduct," said Mrs. Thurlow, thoughtfully; "I cannot believe that he has forgotten you. He loved you so well. Ah! well-a-day, it is sad but true—

—'the shallowest streams have loudest song,
Most smoke, the weakest fires.'"

"I think he loves another," said Juliet, a more deadly pallor coming over her face.

"It is absolutely impossible," said Mrs. Thurlow; "if Karl von Oppenheim were to tell me so himself, I could scarcely believe it. He loved you once, I know, and I believe with such a love as could never change. There must be some terrible mistake—he has heard something—or your letters have miscarried."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Charleston Advertisements.